

# REAL ROMANCES OF THE BUSINESS WORLD

## ONE JOB OF BAGGAGE SMASHING THAT BROUGHT \$80,000 A YEAR

BY RICHARD SPILLANE.

Mr. McMillan hated summer, abominable summer hotels, did not like heat and had a sort of polar bear disposition generally. It was Mrs. McMillan who had insisted on going into the mountains for a month. She had selected Eagle's Nest because the name was romantic, and she was certain the hotel was charming. How could it be otherwise when it was called the Antlers?

The trip from the city had been a horror. The day was frightfully hot.

### EYES RED, WOULD BURN AND STING

Grew Constantly Worse. Could Hardly Work Any More. Used Cuticura Remedies, and in Six Weeks She Was Cured.



"It is just a year ago that my sister came over here to us. She had been here only a few weeks when her eyes began to be red, and to burn and sting as if she had sand in them. She was used all of the home remedies. She washed her eyes with salt water, used hot tea to bathe them with, and bled them over night with all to no purpose. She went to the drug store and got some salve, but she grew constantly worse. She was scarcely able to look in the light. At last she decided to go to a doctor, because she could hardly work any more. The doctor said it was a very severe disease, and she might lose her eyesight. He made her eyes burn and applied electricity to them, and gave her various treatments. In the two and a half or three months that she went to the doctor, we could see very little improvement. Then we had read so much how people had been helped by Cuticura that we thought we would try it, and we cannot be thankful enough that we did. We used Cuticura Pills, bathed only with Cuticura Soap, and at night after washing, she anointed her eyes very gently on the outside with the Cuticura Ointment. In one week, the swelling was entirely gone from the eyes, and after a month, there was no longer any redness or watering of the eyes. She could already see better, and in six weeks she was cured." (Signed) Mrs. Julia C. Calkins, 2005 Oak St., St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 25, 1910. Many affections of the eyelids are exzematous or sympathetic. Cuticura Remedies used judiciously seldom fail to prove beneficial in such cases. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., 139 Columbus Ave., Boston. 25¢ Mail free, sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, with 32-p. book on skin treatment.

Not a breeze was stirring. The car windows and the doors were kept open, but even then the passengers felt as if they would stifle. The cinders, smoke and dust added to the torment. The McMillan children, from suffering, became fretful, fidgety and then weepy. The mother, worn out by the labor of preparing for the journey, by the trying weather and the peevishness of the children, wished she was back home in her cool flat. McMillan was too savage to trust himself to talk. It did not add to his peace of mind to know the train was late; that the hotel was two miles or more from the station, and that they would arrive too late for dinner.

It was dark when the train finally stopped at their station. The children had fallen asleep, and McMillan took the two of them in his arms. When he reached the station platform he set them down to make sure about the baggage. Then the train pulled out, and he had an opportunity to survey his surroundings. There was the station, a shabby, inhospitable looking structure. Across the track was a jungle of trees. In the far distance was the outline of the hills. There were no lights except the kerosene lamp and lantern of the agent, and no houses. McMillan had started to go into the station and make inquiries, when he saw in the shadow at the other side of the platform a wagon with a man near by.

"Driver," called McMillan, "where can I get a rig to take me to the Antlers?"

"I'm from the Antlers," was the reply. "Well," said McMillan, "I suppose you came to get us. I'm Mr. McMillan. I telegraphed yesterday I'd be here to-day with my family."

"That's all right," replied the driver sharply. "Get in the buckboard. I've been waiting more than an hour for you."

"Put our trunk in first," said McMillan. "It's over there."

"Put the trunk in yourself," replied the driver.

McMillan glared at the driver and all the wrath he had suppressed through the day surged up in him. He could not see the driver clearly, but could distinguish enough to know he was fat if not abominable.

"Carey," said McMillan to his wife, "take the children into the station."

When she had done as he directed McMillan turned furiously on the driver. "You lazy loafer," he yelled, "Get that trunk or I'll beat the life out of you. Be quick about it, too." As the driver advanced toward him the angry man advanced toward him the driver, for just an instant, seemed inclined to flee, but suddenly changed his mind and ran to get the trunk. McMillan followed him. The driver took hold of the trunk by one of the handles and started to drag it across the platform. "Pick it up, you insolent fool," ordered McMillan. "Do you want to rip the bottom out of it?" The driver struggled to lift the trunk, but was awkward and excited, and it was not until McMillan, who was strongly tempted to punch the fellow just to relieve his feelings, helped him a bit that he managed to get it on his back.

The vehicle from the Antlers was a buckboard, and the driver had as much trouble getting the trunk into it as he had in getting it on his back, but at least he succeeded. Then Mr. McMillan summoned his wife and children, put them aboard and the driver climbed onto his seat.

The drive over the road to the hotel was depressing. It was so dark they could see nothing. They could not tell whether the driver was following the road or not. The children, hungry, sleepy and disturbed by the jolting of the vehicle, cried incessantly. When at last the lights of the hotel loomed up Mrs. McMillan said something under her breath that sounded like a thanksgiving, and Mr. McMillan felt more relieved than he would care to acknowledge.

Very little was eaten by the visitors that night, and they retired early. In the morning the troubles of the day before were forgotten. The day was delightful, all the members of the family had slept well, and the breakfast was delicious. The McMillans were near the end of their meal when a party of four, made up of a prosperous looking man about fifty-two years old, a handsome but austere woman of about the same age, and two richly dressed young women, apparently the daughters of the couple, entered. The three women glanced at the McMillans, smiled and passed on.

"Huh!" exclaimed McMillan, "what do you think of that?"

"I think," replied Mrs. McMillan, "those women are very bad mannered." McMillan excused his little tribe to a pleasant spot on the porch, and then went to the office to get some cigars. As he entered the manager of the house advanced to meet him. "Mr. McMillan," said he, "I am greatly distressed about the mistake that was made last night."

"Oh, that's all right," replied McMillan. "I suppose the driver had been

drinking too much, but no harm was done."

"Harm done? Drinking?" said the manager. "Why, don't you know whom it was you insulted?" And then the manager excitedly explained that it was not the hotel porter Mr. McMillan had encountered on the station platform, but Mr. Roger Potter, president of the Great Western Smelting and Refining Company, a multi-millionaire, whose patronage was worth thousands of dollars a year to the Antlers.

"I am chagrined beyond measure," declared the manager. "I wouldn't have had it happen for anything in the world. Mr. Potter is one of the best friends I have. In fact, he owns this house and all the land for miles around, and it is through his good feeling for me that I have a lease on most favorable terms. Last night there was a dance at Lake View, on the other side of the mountain, and most of our guests went there. They started early and all the rigs hereabouts except the buckboard were in commission. Our regular porters and bus men acted as drivers. I meant to have one of the clerks drive the buckboard to the station for you, but Mr. Potter, who felt lonesome, perhaps, suggested that he drive over. He is far from well. In fact, he is here for his health, but as he wished to go, of course, I could not refuse. Probably he thought the air would do him good, but the train was so late that he regretted his imprudence after it came on to be dark. He told me you were in a towering rage about something and before he had an opportunity to explain the situation you were threatening to do harm to him. He cut his hands handling your trunk and his wife and daughters were so excited when they heard of his experience they summoned the doctor."

"Wow!" exclaimed McMillan, "but that's tough luck."

"Tough luck," responded the manager. "I should say it is. If you do not make a satisfactory apology to him I'll have to ask for your rooms."

"Burn your rooms and your hotel," said Mr. McMillan. "I was not thinking about them. What I am worrying about is the fact that I have just applied to Mr. Potter for a job. I'm very anxious to obtain, and I've pulled a lot of wires to make a favorable impression on him."

"Well," rejoined the manager sarcastically, "you certainly have made an impression."

Mr. McMillan got his cigars, bit one

and went outside. He walked about the grounds for half an hour or more and then, seeing Mr. Potter on the porch, went to him. He had done some hard thinking while he had been walking. He made a frank and manly apology for having subjected a man whose health was not of the best to such an experience, but he explained, with a fair touch of humor, that it was not to be expected that the driver of the buckboard that went to meet a train was a millionaire of national prominence. Hot days and stuffy trains were not conducive to good temper, he explained, and to have a real or supposed hotel porter tell you to put your trunk in the wagon yourself was exasperating in the extreme. If Mr. Potter felt like having revenge he could have it quickly, for the hotel man was only too anxious to get rid of the McMillans if their presence was objectionable to Mr. Potter.

Mr. Potter had looked at his scratched hands, and a hard look had come to his face, but when Mr. McMillan had spoken of taking his family away at once if so desired he had softened a little.

"Whatever bitterness I may feel toward you, sir," he announced, "I certainly would not want to visit upon your wife and children. It would be brutal to force them to travel so soon after the journey from the city." Mr. McMillan bowed stiffly and Mr. Potter nodded perfunctorily, and the two men parted.

They did not speak again for several days. Then a rain storm that kept everybody indoors and a slight accident to one of the McMillan children that alarmed all the guests for a few minutes, brought the two men together and gradually they began to chat whenever they met.

The Antlers was by no means fashionable and Mr. Potter was the only person of considerable wealth there. "I suppose," he told McMillan, "it is selfish of me to bring my family here year after year, but I was born down the valley there and I never have lost my love for these mountains. My wife and daughters detest this place, but they come regularly on my account. I come here when the throat affection I suffer from gets bad and a few weeks make a new man of me."

McMillan acknowledged that he detested the summer hotels generally, but he had come to feel almost tolerant in respect to the Antlers.

"By the way," remarked the millionaire, "Rathbone told me you had applied or were about to apply to me for some position."

"Yes," said McMillan. "I wanted to

make some experiments at your expense out of one of your smelters. The residue of the ores you treat is waste to-day. Waste is a slur on the intelligence of man."

Potter said it was worse than waste in this particular instance. It was a source of annoyance and expense. The stuff piled up amazingly fast and had to be shipped away regularly to be gotten rid of. He doubted if there was anything left in the slag that was of value after the smelters got through with the ores, for smelting had been developed to a most decided degree, but if McMillan cared to try this hand at it for a few months, Potter was willing to pay his expenses. McMillan had explained that he was a graduate of the School of Mines and one of the largest of the institutes of technology, and had told of various large corporations and prominent mining men he had done chemical work for.

There was not much trouble about arranging terms, for McMillan's ideas regarding money were modest and the millionaire who had come to have a real liking for the hasty-tempered young man, he had improved so much in health he was inclined to be generous.

When the McMillans left the Antlers the wife and children went directly home and the husband proceeded West. He found the slag more difficult to master than he had supposed. Time after time he had to ask Potter to extend his period of work and authorize additional payments on his accounts. And then one day he came East and reported.

It was not until more than a year later that the world got its first knowledge of Mr. McMillan's investigations. It was at the annual meeting of the Board of Directors of the Great Western Smelting and Refining Company that the president announced that although the general business of the corporation had been below the normal, the net income was decidedly better than might be expected. Then he told with a laugh of the rather unusual manner in which he had formed the acquaintance of Mr. McMillan and how McMillan had been employed by him.

"I regret to say," he continued, "that we unwittingly have cast away vast sums of money in the past, but we are not going to do so hereafter. We have paid out a great deal in labor and transportation to get rid of the waste

of our smelters, not knowing the value of the material we were so anxious to get rid of. We thought it was metallic dross. It was not. It was rich in properties, in values we never had dreamed of. The experiments of Mr. McMillan are not ended, but from a large amount of the slag he has treated thus far we have recovered from 5 to 7 per cent, of tin and a most satisfactory quantity of plain oil. In dollars and cents we have converted this so-called waste into a profit of \$80,000 in the year just closed. The company is assured of a saving of at least that amount in each succeeding year, and the prospect is good for the saving to be increased."

The directors were warm in their expressions of approval of the report and of the president's work. Well they might be, for a yearly pickup of \$80,000 is not to be considered lightly.

And what was the condition, another gentleman inquired.

It was, said the proposer of the motion, who prided himself on the manner he could give a dixer turn to an idea, that the president promise that the next time he drove the buckboard he should not take such awful chances of offending a messenger of the gods.

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